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SONGS

OF THE

University of Pennsylvania,

Edited by
H. A. CLARKE,

*Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania, Leader of the
Glee Club.*

PHILADELPHIA:
Published by the Glee Club.

1879.

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BY
C. HOWARD COLKET.

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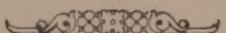
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→* S O N G S *←



University of Pennsylvania.



FAREWELL SONG. CLASS OF '70.

Words by H. G. WARD.

Music by W. D. NEILSON.

1 To - day we cut our dear - est ties; Sweet
2 O Con - stan - cy, en - roll us in Thy
3 If we are thine, the word fare - well Is

fel - low - ship we sever; But mem'ry's vine shall

small, but faithful band; And make the heart the

but the pledge to all That, though we ride life's

5

in - ter-twine Old Seven - ty for - ev-
no - bler part: Di - rect the head and
chang - ing tide, Love knows no change nor

er, Old Sev - en - ty for - ev - - er.
hand! Di - rect the head and hand!
fall, Love knows no change nor fall.

Then, Alma Mater, fare thee well!

To-day we put to sea:

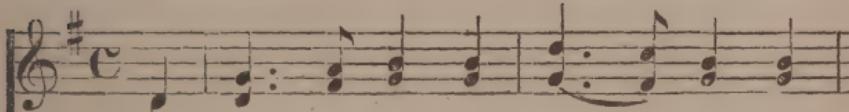
Whate'er beset, we'll ne'er forget

Our anchorage in thee.

CLASS SONG, '71.

Words by H. L. CARSON, Jr.

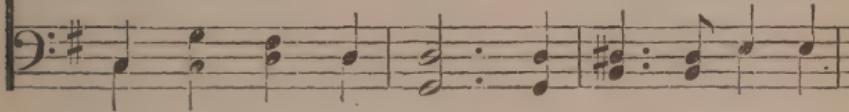
Music by R. H. NEILSON.



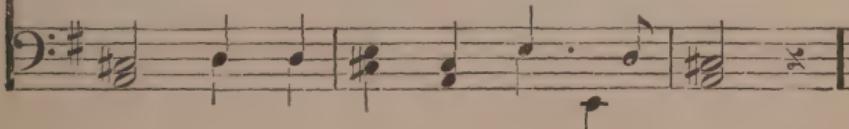
1 Come, all my jol - ly bro - thers, and
2 Oh, it is right, my brothers gay, that
3 And la - dies fair and beau - ti - ful will
4 And now we all, in clos - ing, will



clear your throats to sing: We'll make the air a-
we should romp in style, And leave all classic
wel - come us with smiles: More love - ly they than
wish to good old Penn The health and strength of



round us with dan - cing ech - oes ring;
Bohn's boys un-gnawed a lit - tle while:
all the flow'rs that bloom on Eastern isles:
many a year, as it becomes true men.





And think of naught that's dis - mal, but
 No doubt, my friends, that near the bone the
 Their teeth are pearls; their eyes are gems that
 Oh, may our Al - ma Ma - ter soar



rouse the warm de - sire,
 sweet - er is the meat,
 spar - kle as the stars;
 on a tire - less wing,

And kin - dle fresh all
 But 'tis not meet at
 And they are fair - er
 And to her walls for



smould'ring sparks un - til our souls are fire.
 such a time for us this dish to greet.
 far than we, — as Ve - nus out-shines Mârs.
 ev - er more may death-less joy still cling.



CHORUS. *piu animato.*

Musical score for the first part of the chorus. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "Then let us be jol-ly, and, barring all fol-ly," are written below the staves.

Then let us be jol-ly, and, barring all fol-ly,

Musical score for the second part of the chorus. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "Sing just as though we were mad. Then" are written below the staves.

Sing just as though we were mad. Then

Musical score for the third part of the chorus. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "let us be jol-ly! sing just as though we were" are written below the staves.

let us be jol-ly! sing just as though we were

Musical score for the final part of the chorus. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics "mad, as though we were mad, as though we were mad." are written below the staves.

mad, as though we were mad, as though we were mad.

FAREWELL SONG, '71.

Words by HERBERT WELSH.

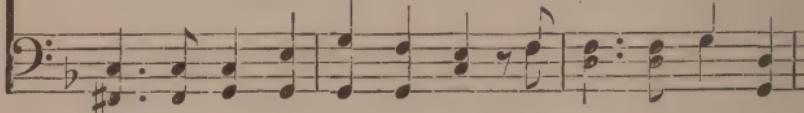
Music by E. H. NEILSON.



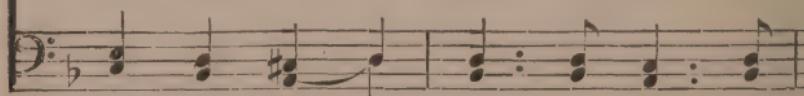
1 Come quick-ly, com-rades, sing once more, Or
2 And though to us is part - ing sad,
3 Good - by, old Seven-ty - one at last,— Un-



ere poor Seventy - one is dead. A - las! he's on his
As to them these sea di - vides, We as well are
to thy face good - by for - ever; But our love for



dy - ing bed; His four years' life is
borne by tides From the friends that
thee shall nev - er Min - gle with the



near - ly o'er, How sad - ly as a
once we had. But see how sharp has
si - lent past. Then raise ye all the

toll - ing bell, Doth trem - ble from the
grown his face; He draws with pain a
part - ing song, For to the mu - sic

ves - sel's side Be - fore she seeks the
thin - ner breath; And now the i - cy
of its sound, We lay him gent - ly

ebb - ing tide This saddest last of words, farewell.
 crown of death Proclaims for ev - er run his race.
 in the ground, And pass the word fare - well a - long.

CHORUS.

But though our col - lege course is run, And

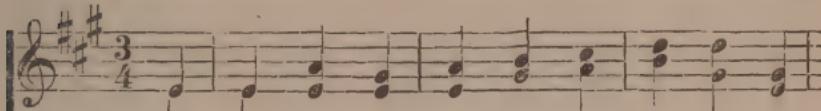
we must tread thro' rougher ways, We'll ne'er forget in

fu - ture days, The good old times of Seventy - one.

CLASS SONG, '72.

Words by HORACE CASTLE, '72.

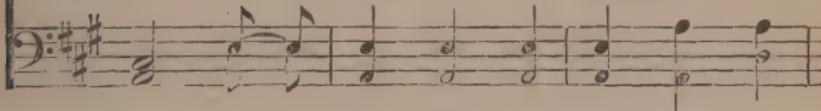
Music by OLIVER HOPKINSON, '32.



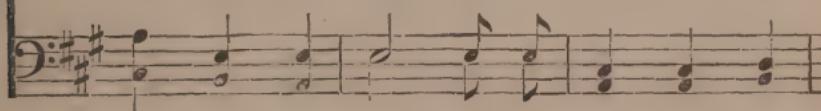
1 The days of the past have de-part-ed, and
2 With hearts re-u-ni-ted, then, classmates, let's
3 Then let us still sing till these halls shall re-



all The joys and bright hopes of our
sing, While mem-o-ry shows us old
sound Of our past col-lege days with their



col-lege life fled; Yet we look to the
fac-es of yore; With cheer-ful-ness,
joys and their strife; And re-mem-ber in



fu - ture, what - e'er may be - fall, And
then, let our voic - es still ring Of
fu - ture, where - e'er we are found, We

mourn not past pleasures or days that are dead.
friends that are gone and of days that are o'er.
still shall be comrades and classmates for life.

CHORUS.

Long has the bright star of hope shone be-

fore; Our dark days of grief and re-

gret have been few; Yet to - day a sharp

feel - ing but grieves us the more While

rall. - - - tempo. rall. poco.

bidding fare - well to old Sev - en - ty - two.

CLASS SONG, '77.

Music by Prof. H. A. CLARKE.

Allegro.



1 Broth-ers, the days are quick-ly pass-ing: Our
2 In Freshman year we stood to - geth-er, And
3 In base-ball, foot-ball, cane-fight, rush, As



col - lege life will soon be o'er:
side by side we fought and fell;
Fresh and Sophs well did we strive;

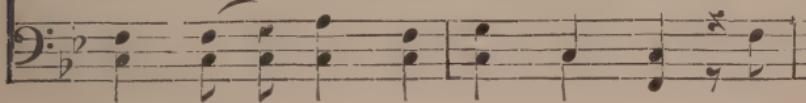


Oh, may the ties that now u - nite us,
Then first the class of Seven - ty - sev - en,
And long we held the top - most place With

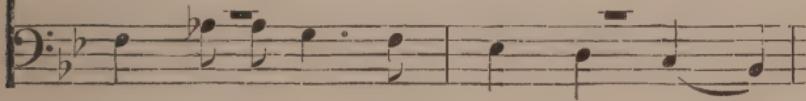




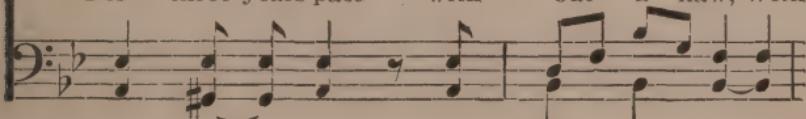
Bind us e'en clos - er than be - fore. For
We thrashed the Soph'mores long and well; And
all good will from Seven - ty - five. Th'ath-



three long years we've lived as broth - ers,
then, as gay and care - less Soph'mores,
let - ic con - tests still we rule,



Hand in hand and heart to heart,
We made the col - lege halls re - sound With
For three years past with - out a flaw, With



Help - ing on, by words and ac - tions,
many a cheer for our va - liant class, As the
WILLOUGH-BY and our GEY - E - LIN

Each one well to do his part.

backs of the Fresh - men touched the ground.

Bound by fra - ter - nal BOND to LAW.

4 But now we're staid and sober Juniors,
No longer held by boyhood's reins;
And, whilst the Fresh and Sophs are fighting,
We sport our lofty plugs and canes.
We do not care for "flunks" or "Zeros;"
No longer burns the midnight oil;
Better think we twenty Zeros,
Than for life our eyesight spoil.

5 Brothers, the days are quickly passing;
Our college life will soon be o'er:
Oh, may the ties that now unite us,
Bind us e'en closer than before;
Let us all, each other loving
Stretch to each a helping hand.
"Οὐ λόγω ἀλλ' ἐβγω" be it,
Not by word, but deed, we stand.

CLASS SONG, '78.*

Words by C. P. HENRY.

Moderato.

Music by E. G. McCOLLIN.

mf

1 Here, brothers of the heart and soul, We
 2 Four years shall sym - bo - lize to us Four
 3 One last sad bum - per,—drink it up, And

dim.

bid a last a dieu; And
 raise a ges : in our life: Four
 chor us strong. Each

cres.

bow - ing o'er each cheer - ful bowl, Swear
 cor - ners of the breath - ing world; Four
 heart is brim - ming as the cup, And

* The right-hand part must be played an octave lower.

to be firm and true.
 ep - i - sodes or strife.
 has its own sweet song.

and bow - ing
 four cor - ners
 each heart is

And bow - ing o'er each cheer - ful
 Four cor - ners of the breath - ing as the
 Each heart is brimming

o'er each cheer - ful, bow - ing o'er each
 of the breathing, cor - ners of the
 brim - ming as the heart is brim - ming

bowl, Swear to be
 world, Four And has - its

cheer - ful bowl, world,
 breath - ing cup,

cres.

firm, be firm and true.
sodes, epi-sodes of strife.
own, its own sweet song.

The past has tem-pered us with flame, And,
These mi-cro-cos-mic days shall spread In-
Be-hold the part-ing from the ways, But

in our bat-tle life, Each is a wea-pon
to e-ter-nal years. Our class shall live tho-
true souls can-not part. The mem-o-ry of

cres. *rall al fine.*

in his name To strug - gle through the strife,
we be dead, Through laughter and through tears.
col - lege days Shall bind us heart to heart.

Andante.

p

3 Though we must trav- - - el

va- - - ri - ous ways,

p
Each

Each to his set - ting sun,
to, to his set - ting sun,

moderato.

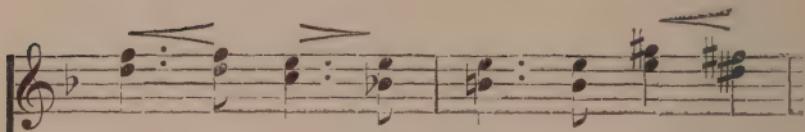
p *pp*

Still all can turn a back - ward gaze To

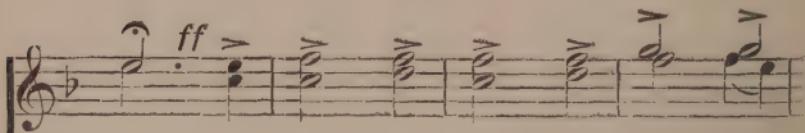
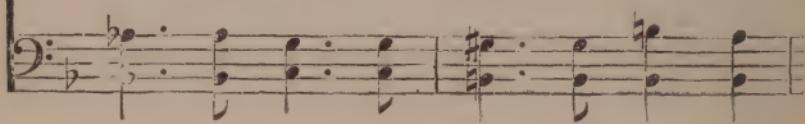
eres.

where our path's be - gun, To where our

path's be - gun. The ey - no - sure of



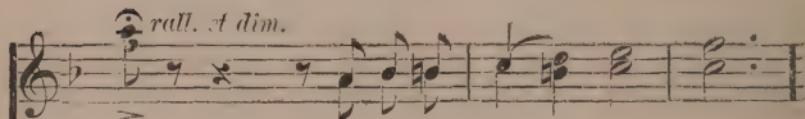
kindling eyes, The shrine of beat - ing



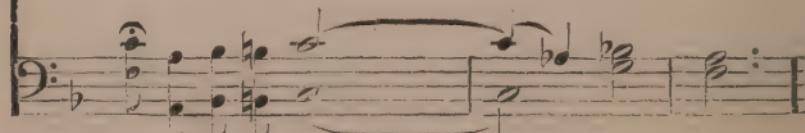
hearts, Old Penn shall rise In stat - liest



rall. & dim.



gnise As Seventy - eight de - parts.



As Seventy-eight . . . de - parts.

CLASS SONG, '79.

Music by Prof. H. A. CLARKE.

1 Come, brothers, we'll - u - nit - ed sing Our
2 Fill up the gob - let, one and all! Let
3 Oh, tell us not, oh, tell us not A
4 We love the Profs,—aye, love them well, And

class a jo - vial song, Right
Bac - chus crown the glass; For
stu - dent's life's ne'er free; Our
ven - er - ate their lore; But

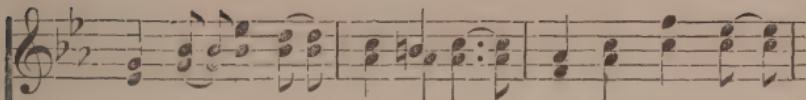
loud - ly let the an - them ring In
Seventy - nine the fes - ti - val, Long
hardships, broth - ers, are for - got: A
heart and voice u - nit - ed tell We

our vi - va - cious throng, In
 live our jol - ly class! Long
 mer - ry band are we, A
 love our class full more, We

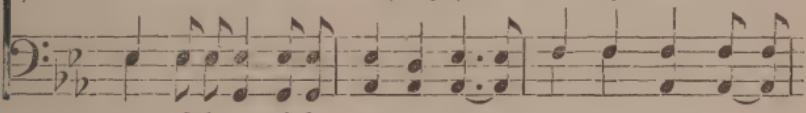
our vi - va - cious throng
 live our jol - ly class! } Sing - ing loudly,
 mer - ry band are we.
 love our class full more.

sing - ing proudly; Sing - ing loudly, singing proudly;

Sing - ing loud - ly, sing - ing proud - ly:

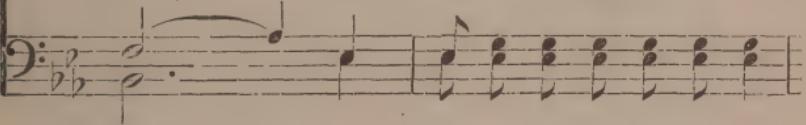


What care we for fu - ture joys? What care we for the
 Yes, class-mates, there are bonds of love Forev - er firm and
 E'en till the hour life's mystic chain Re-lent - less fate di-
 We love our Alma Mater, boys, Love fond-ly and a-



past?
 true.
 vides,
 dore,

We're merry in the present, boys:
 In youth,—in age,—where'er we rove,
 We'll sing for nine,—we'll sing for Penn,
 We wish her wealth and wisdom boys,

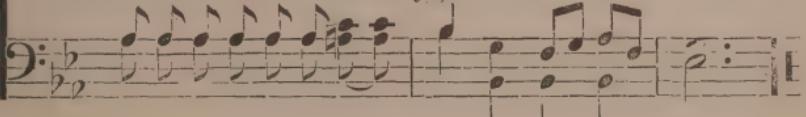


Merry in the present, U - nit - ed to the last.

Youth and age where'er we rove We're one, one merry crew.

Sing for nine,—we'll sing for Penn, And care for naught besides.

Wish her wealth and wisdom boys, But wish our class full more.



COLLEGE SONG.

Words by C. I. JUNKIN, '77.

Music by Prof. H. A. CLARKE.

1ST TENOR.



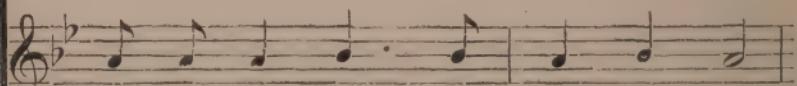
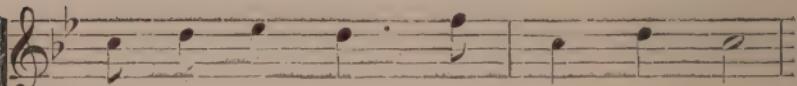
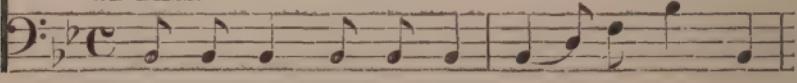
2D TENOR.



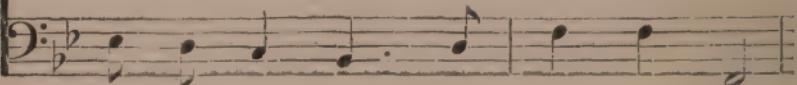
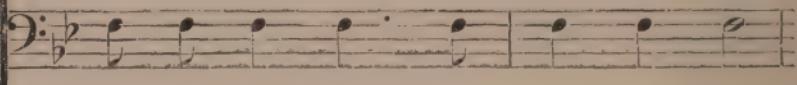
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, swell the cho - rus,
1ST BASS.

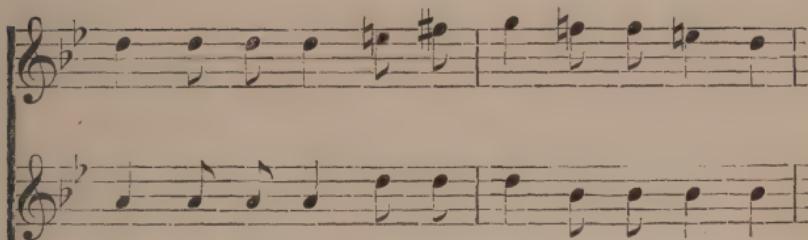


2D BASS.

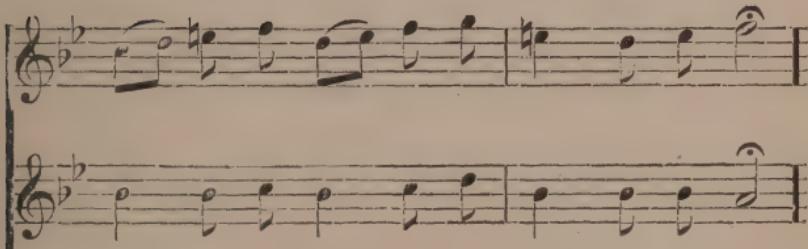
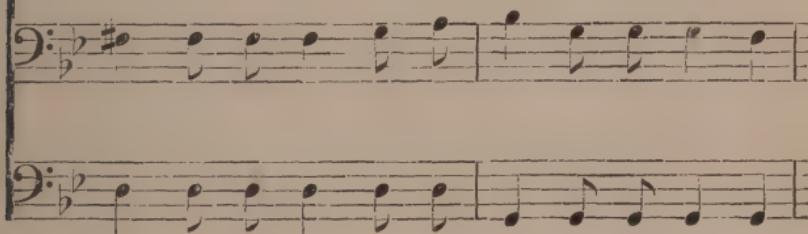


Cheer - ri - ly raise the col - lege glee;

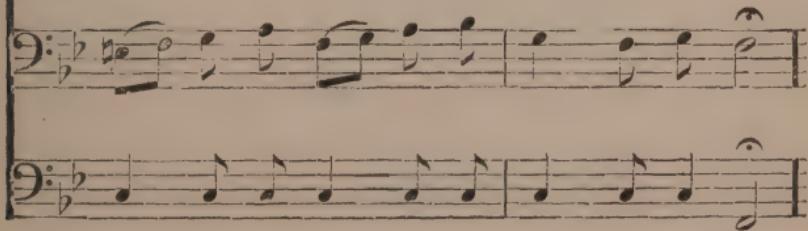




Quaff of the cup of thy youth, in its sparkle,



Flow - ing like wine in its plen - ty for thee.



Youth, like a rose - bud, blooms but a

Youth, like a rose - bud, blooms but a

Youth blooms but for a

a -

day. Haste! for its beauty gli - deth a -

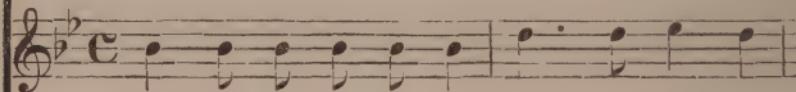
day. Haste! for its beauty gli - deth, gli - deth a -

day, Haste! for its beau - ty

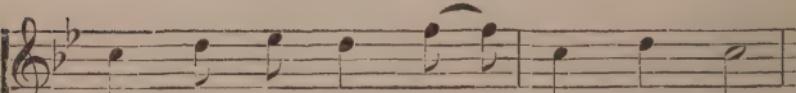
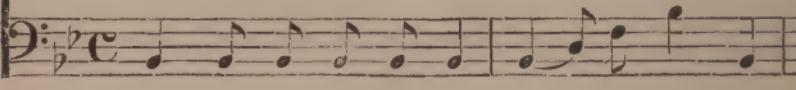
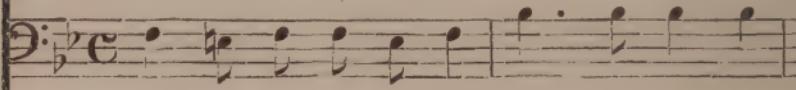
way, - - - - - blooms but a
 way, Youth, like a rose - bud, blooms but a
 way,
 way, Youth, like a rose-bud, blooms but a
 day. Haste! for its beau - ty gli - deth a - way.
 day. Haste! for its beau - ty gli - deth a - way.
 Haste! for its beau - ty gli - deth a - way.
 day.



2 Sing of thy brother-hood, strong and ten - der;



3 What tho' the sky be not al - ways glow-ing?

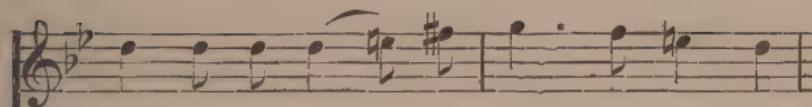


Sing of thy loves in a gen - tler strain;

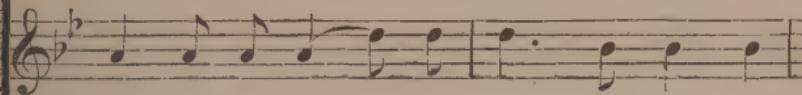


What though the storm - clouds in - ter - vene?





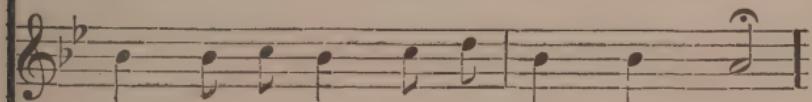
Sing of the days re - plete with pleasure;



Youth has an eye that can pierce the dark - ness,



Sing! for the mor - row may bring thee pain.



Catch - ing a glimpse of its curtained sheen.



Youth is a May day, care less and falls on the

Youth is a May day, care less and falls on the

Youth, care falls . . . less on and the

bright. Haste; ere the shadows her - ald the

bright. Haste! ere the shadows he - rald her - ald the

bright heart . . . Haste! ere the shad - ows her - ald the

night, - - - - care - less and
 part, - - - - falls on the

Youth is a May day, care - less and
 Care, as a shad - ow, falls on the

night,
 part,

night, Youth is a May day, care - less and
 part, Care, as a shad-ow, falls on the

bright. Haste! ere the
 heart; Youth as a

bright. Haste ere the shad - ows her - ald the night.
 heart; Youth, as a sun-beam, bids it de - part.

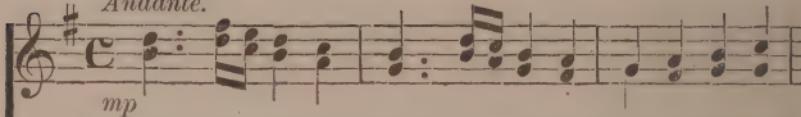
bright. Haste! ere the
 heart; Youth, as a

CLASS SONG, '69.

Words written for the Class.

Music by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

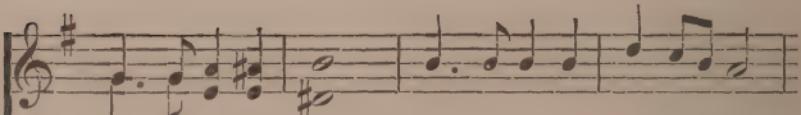
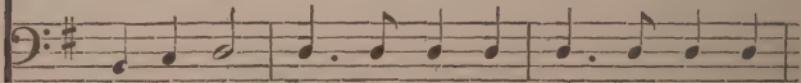
Andante.



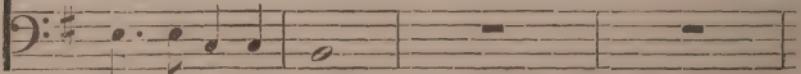
1 Sad good-bys come quick on greetings; Swift on sunshine
2 Eyes grow dim that once were beaming; Cheeks grow pale once

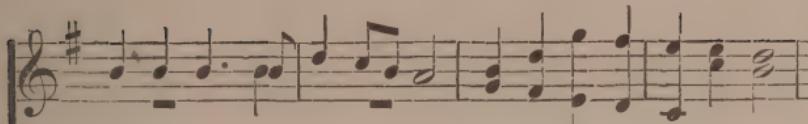


fol-lows rain; Hard our part-ings press our meetings;
passing fair; Chill the pulse once wild - ly streaming;

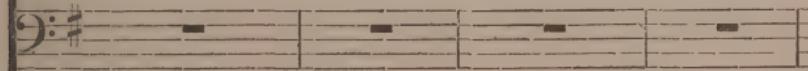


Close on joy is pain. Shall we not, if we be wise,
Gray, the raven hair. But the eye with love still shines,

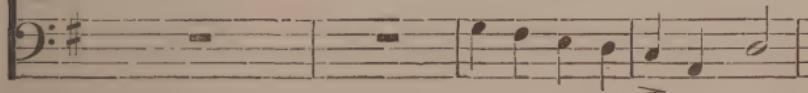




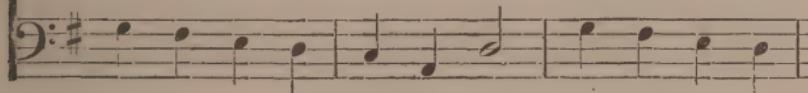
Keep cold hearts and careless eyes? Then no ties, all wrench'd and torn
Meekness follows beauty's lines; Purer hopes the bosom thrill;



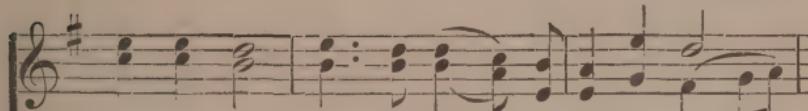
Leave us bleeding and for-lorn. Brothers, by the God a-bove!
Peace the fore-head crowneth still. Purer hopes the bosom thrill;



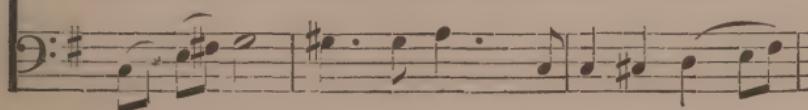
Words so false to truth and love, False to us and
Peace the fore-head crown-eth still. With the years may



perdend.



to our Lord, Be they by our souls ab-horr'd!
bliss be given, Bright'ning earth till earth is heav'n!



p

For the heart embalms the hours; Cometh sunshine

on the show'rs; Part-ed friends may meet a - gain;

eres. molto.

Hope hath balm for bitt'rest pain. Then sing, brothers, sing a

joy - ous strain! Then sing, brothers, sing a joy-ous strain!

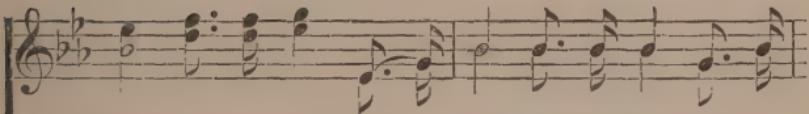
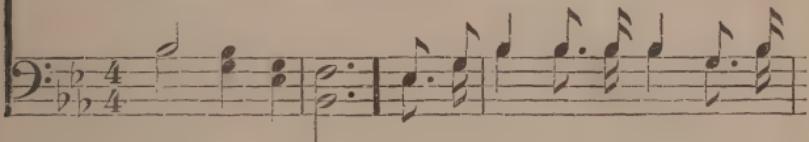
THE BOWL FIGHT.

Words by W. L. BOWLAND, '78.

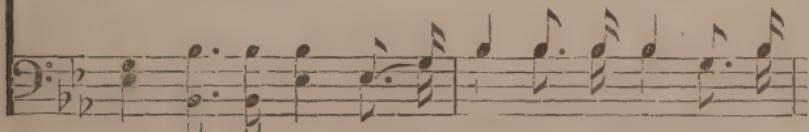
At the end of the first College term of each year, the Sophomores try to put the Freshman who has the lowest honor for the term into a large bowl. If the Sophomores succeed in getting him in, the bowl becomes his. If they fail, the Freshmen try to break the bowl and divide the pieces.

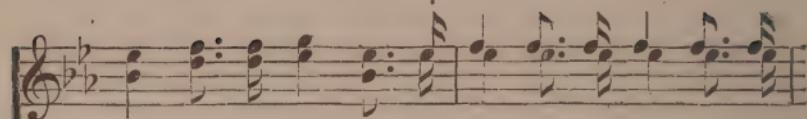


- 1 What's this we see! Gallant Freshies and Sophs, madly
- 2 What will they do? Why they'll pull him along toward the
- 3 Perhaps they can't! No, he's skipping a-long Dar-by

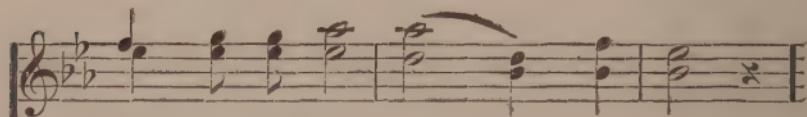


thirst - ing for gore, Are dragging and hauling a
crowd on the green, That are hold-ing a bowl such as
Road like a flea, And he'll not take a ride in the

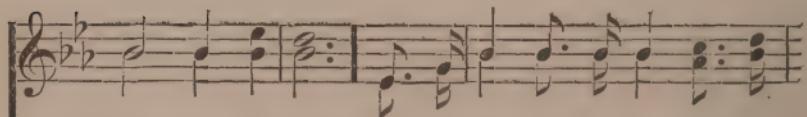
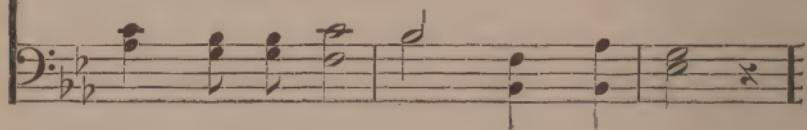




Fresh thro' the door; And he thinks if he on - ly could
 nev - er was seen, And they'll put him right in it,—and
 bowl,—no, not he: While the Freshmen will break that fine

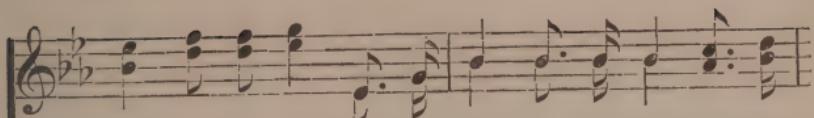


sink through the floor, Hap - py he'd be.
 won't that be mean,—*If* they can.
 bowl like the D,— *If* they can.

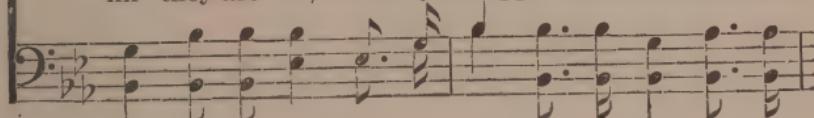


4 Now all is o'er! With their coats all in rags, that's the

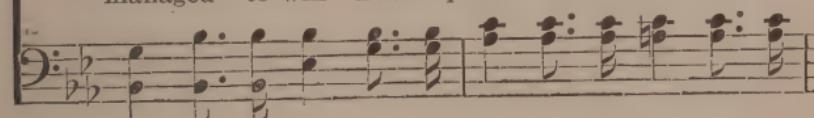




fix they are in; Yet they're happy as lords, if they've



managed to win But a piece of the bowl of the



size of a pin,— How's that for



fun? Yes, how's that for fun?

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD PENN.

A musical score for a three-part arrangement (Treble, Bass, and Alto) in common time and G major. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a different vocal line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves. The first two staves are for Treble and Bass voices, with lyrics: "Here's to good old Penn, drink it down," and "drink it down,". The third and fourth staves are for Alto and Bass voices, with lyrics: "Here's to good old Penn, drink it down," and "drink it down,". The fifth and sixth staves are for Alto and Bass voices, with lyrics: "Here's to good old Penn, for she turns out first-rate men, drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down," and "Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,".

Here's to good old Penn, drink it down,
drink it down,

Here's to good old Penn, drink it down,
drink it down,

Here's to good old Penn, for she turns out first-rate men, drink it
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down,

Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,

Balm of Gil-e-ad. Way down on the Bingo farm, We
won't go there any more, We won't go there any more, We
won't go there any more, Way down on the Bingo farm,
Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Way
down on the Bingo farm. (Spoken.)

O
N
G

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves use a common time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with several rests. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the final line "down on the Bingo farm." followed by "(Spoken.)" and a large, stylized ending bracket under the bass staff.

SERENADE.

Words and Music by F. E. SCHELLING, '81.

1 The night is still: all round is
2 The rip - pling wave - lets kiss the
3 A - mid yon crumbling ru - ins
hushed, - All save the sighing breeze. The
sand, And all abashed re - cede; And
drear, The owl in mournful notes The
And Tells
The re - breeze cede

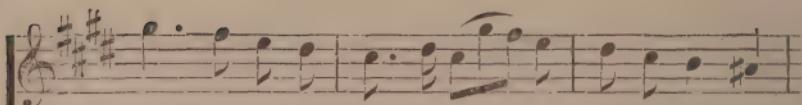
moon dash

moonlight fills with phantom shapes The shad-ows 'mid the dash with spray and snowy foam The rocks and dark sea forth her woes and moodily 'Mongst moss and i - vy

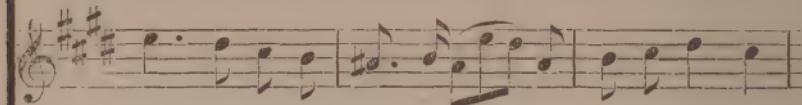
the with moon spray woes

The The shadows 'mid the trees, The
 rocks and dark sea weed, And

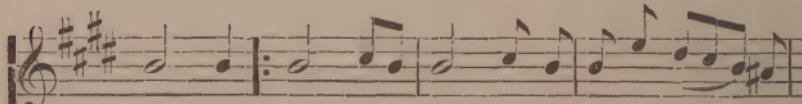
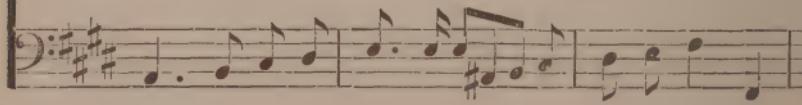
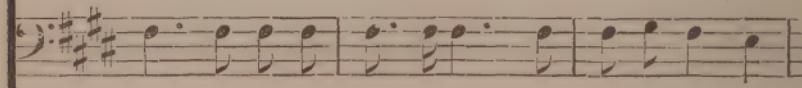
trees. weed. gloats, 'Mongst moss and i - vy gloats; Tells



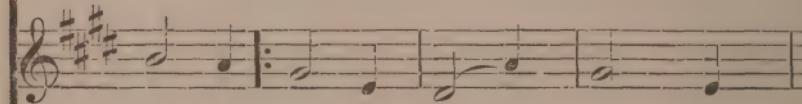
moonlight fills with phantom shapes The shadows 'mid the dash with spray and snowy foam The rocks and dark sea



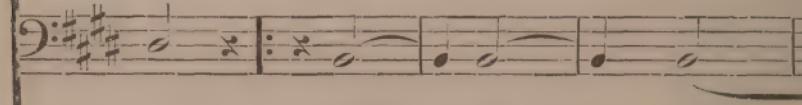
forth her woes and moodi - ly 'Mongst moss and i - vy



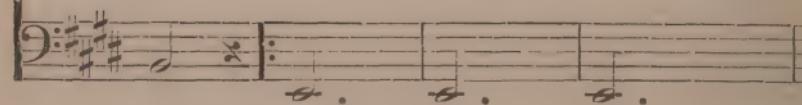
trees. Then sleep, my love, till the sleeping world is weed. Then sleep, my love, till the fresh'ning wind of Then sleep, my love, till the glorious sun suc-



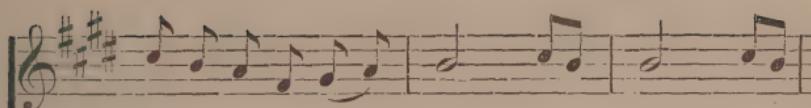
Then sleep my love, sleep, my gloats.



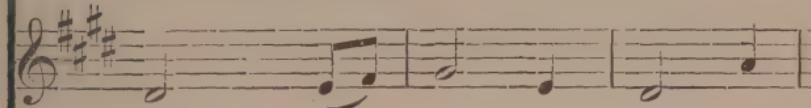
Sleep, my love,



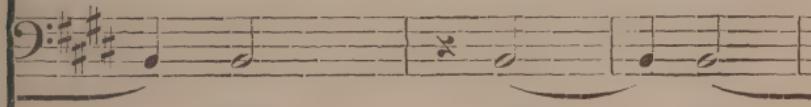
Sleep, my love,



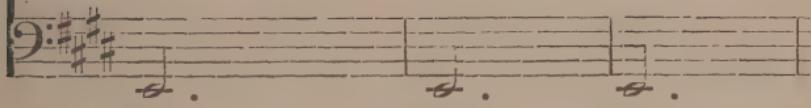
wakened by the morn, Till night's dark shad - ows
 morning fills the sail Till joy - ful shouts the
 succeeds the star-ry night, Till with swell - ing



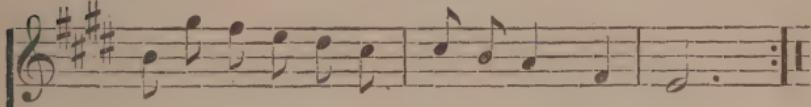
love, Oh, sleep, my love!



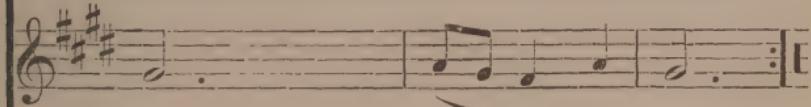
Oh, sleep, my



Oh, sleep, my



ma - ri-ner fears the rude and an - gry gale.
 heart and fluttering wing the lark soars on her flight.



Sleep, love, till dawn.



love, till dawn.



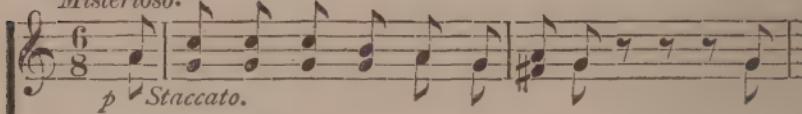
love, till dawn.

OUR LOVELY TIMES.

Words by G. E. SAVAGE, Jr., '80.

Music adapted.

Misterioso.



1 Now, la - dies, we want your at - tention, And,



gen - tle - men, too, if you please: For-



give us in case we make mention Of



an - y-thing "not quite the cheese." You must

know that we've been to Shoe-mak-er's, We've

test - ed his pretzels and — ice: The

pretzels were fresh from the bak-er's; "The

other thing" made us feel nice.

CHORUS.

So we marched a-long on the high-ways, Each

walking as straight as a die; And the

cit-i-zens dashed up the by-ways un-

Trumpeting.

til our parade had gone by.

Misterioso.

p *Staccato.*

1 We wish that our sing - in' condition Wash
 condition,

in bet - ter tone than it ish; But
 than it ish;

what is the good of our wish-in', We
 can't have things ash we want 'em. We
 feelsh that you shm - pa-shize wish ush, That you
 free - ly-hic - give our mis - hap, And -
 mishap,

hic--you will grant ush per - miss-ion-- Hic--

Repeat Chorus.

'xcuse us we'll go-hic-- a nap.

WHAT CAN A FRESHMAN DO?

(“Air:—“Vive la Compagnie.””)

1 When he comes to the college as green as the grass,
 What can a Freshman do?
 When he hasn't much cheek, and he hasn't much brass,
 What can a Freshman do?

Chorus.—What in the world can a Freshman do?
 What can a Freshman do?

2 When the Soph'mores knock him all around and about,
 Shall he tell his mamma, and then sit up to pout?
Cho.—What in the world, &c.

3 When he works like a Trojan to carry a cane,
 And the Soph'mores endeavor to break it in twain,
Cho.—What in the world, &c.

4 When he smokes a cigar and it giveth him pain,
 Shall he call up his spunk and go at it again?
Cho.—What in the world, &c.

OLD PENN.

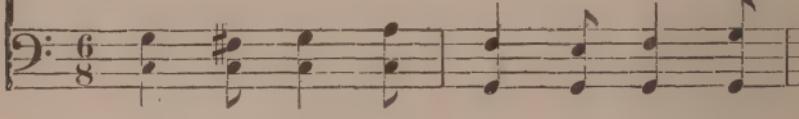
Wm. L. SAUNDERS, '76.

Allegro.

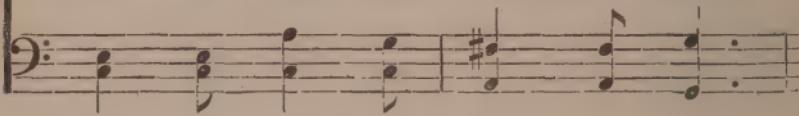
Music adapted.



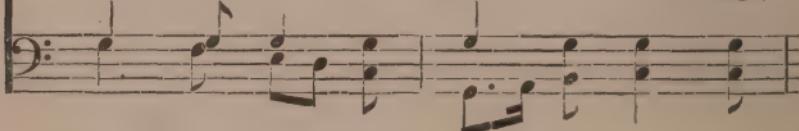
1 While from yon - der orbs o'er - arch - ing,
 2 Though the whirlwind's blast be howl - ing,
 3 Here, with - in these walls held dear - ly,
 4 By yon heav'n - ly eres - cent beam - ing,
 5 Firm - ly by these loft - y por - tals,



Rob'd with gold, with beau - ty crown'd,
 Though the storm be rag - ing 'round,
 'Neath yon old fa - mil - iar bell;
 O'er those spires of state - ly mould,
 Firm - ly 'neath these reverend walls,



Bright Au - ro - ra hails the morn - ing,
 Though our bark of life be toss - ing,
 Here, where first the flame of learn - ing
 By that sil - v'ry beam now streaming,
 Firm - ly o'er these walks and wind - ings,

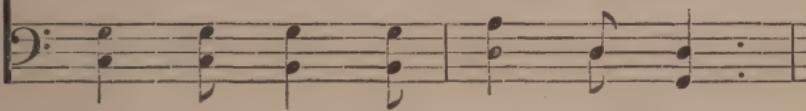




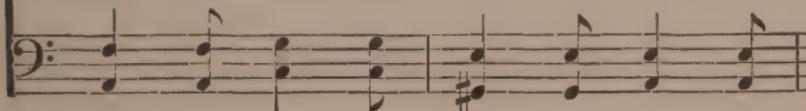
Breath-ing balm - y fragrance round;
 'Mid the bil - lows' boist'rous bound;
 Flick - er'd fast, but flick - er'd well;
 By those shad - ows dark and cold;
 By these hale and hallow'd halls;

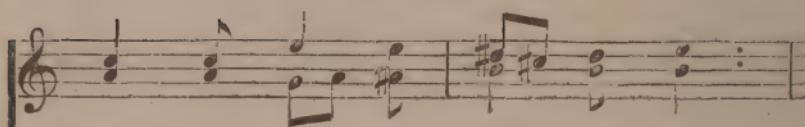


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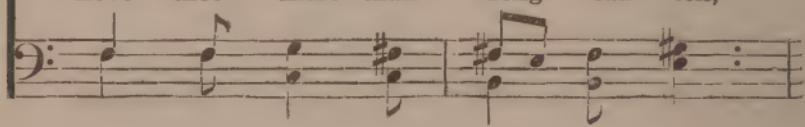


While in all me - rid - ian glo - ry
 Though in glad - ness, though in sor - row,
 Here, where many a bond of friendship,
 By that bell, whose nev - er - fail - ing,
 Yea, old Penn, thy sons a - dore thee,

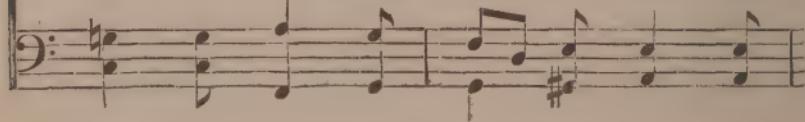




Rules the royal King of day,
Be the world beyond our sphere,
Firm er than the Fa bian tie,
Nev er favor ing notes command,
Love thee more than song can tell,

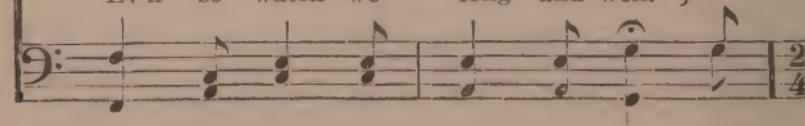


While o'er gloom - y earth and heav - en,
Though the morn of but to - mor - row
Wrought by time, by time aug - ment - ed,
Though the storm-king war for - ev - er,
As yon star guards si - lent o'er thee,



Sa - ble Nox holds hall-ow'd sway.
Wakes with sad - ness, sin or fear.
Formed to live, with time to die.
Sons of Penn we'll firm - ly stand.
Ev'n so watch we long and well.

A



CHORUS. *vivace.*

mer - ry throng, we'll raise the song, Sing-ing loud - ly.

sing - ing long, Health to Old Penn,

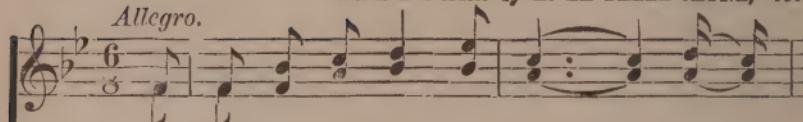
Health to her men, Health to the

voice that re - ech - oes A - men.

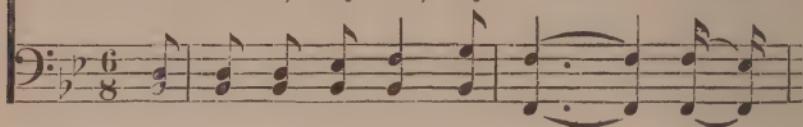
SERENADE.

Words and Music by H. LA BARRE JAYNE, '79.

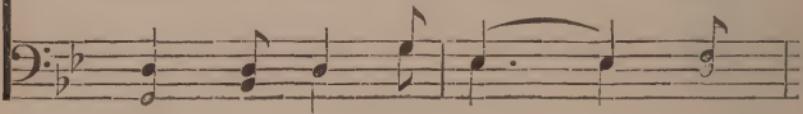
Allegro.



1 Come hith-er, my love, my love! Come
2 Come hith-er, my love, my love! Come



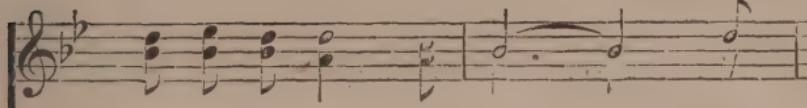
hasten, my love, to me! Fair
hasten to me, I pray! The



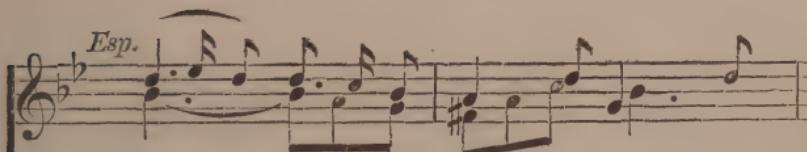
Lu - na is bathed in her own sweet light,— In
breath of the ev'n is sweet - er far than The



Tenor Solo.*



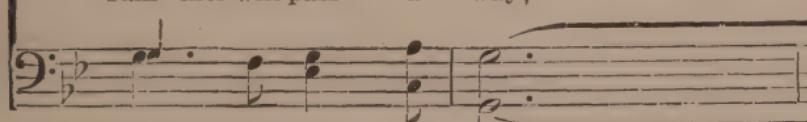
splendor the land and sea. The
glare and the heat of day. The



billows are wooing the soft sea sands All
winter will come with its cold north winds; The

Humming.

na - ture is call - ing thee, All
sum - mer will pass a - way; The



* Humming accompaniment.

na - ture is call - ing thee, All
sum - mer will pass a - way; The

Andante.

na - ture is call - ing thee The
sum - mer will pass a - way; The

bil - lows are woo - ing the soft sea sands All
win - ter will come with its cold north winds; The

na - ture is call - ing thee, All
sum - mer will pass a - way; The

na - ture is call - ing thee. } Come
 sum - mer will pass a - way.

ritard. tempo.
 hith - er, my love, my love! Oh, come

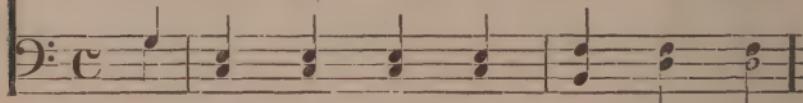
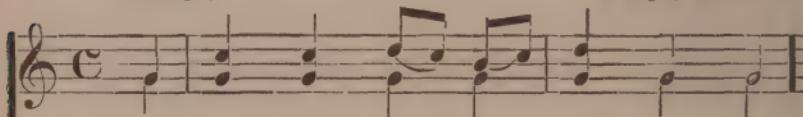
hast - en, my love, to me! My
 rall. al fine.

love, O my love, come to me!

THE GALLANT YOUNG ATTORNEY.

Words by WALTER C. RODMAN,
Law Dep't, '77.

Music by E. G. MCCOLLIN,
Law Dep't, '80.

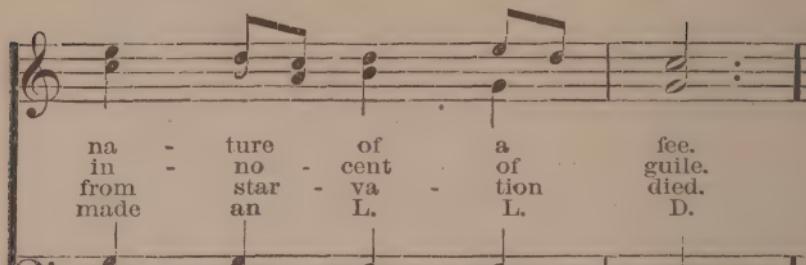


THE GALLANT YOUNG ATTORNEY. *Continued.* 63

worship'd from a - far. Though in a mus - ty
 fame his bo - som burned. Then wait-ed he in
 brought it to a close. Now had he not an
 won it with a glance. His COKE up - on the

point or two He might a no - vice be, He
 si - lent glee, For For - tune's kind - ly smile, 'Tis
 heir - ess met, Who to his pleas re - plied, He
 coals he cast, And, at his wife's de - cree, He

still was hap - py, For he knew the
 true, he knew no law, but he, Was
 might have been a law - yer yet, Or
 chose in - ac - tion; and at last, Was



CHORUS.

Then sing hi! ho! hur - ra For the

Gal-lant young at - tor - ney! May his tilts in court be

cap - i - tal sport, And his life a pros-per-ous jour-ney!

THE GALLANT YOUNG FRESHMAN.

(*Air:—“The Gallant Young Attorney.”*)

BY '66.

1 Ben Wilson was a youngster smart,
Came from his country home,
The idol of his mother's heart,
In college halls to roam;
Though ignorant of college life,
Yet well prepared was he
In bag fight, rush, or other strife,
To bear him manfully.

Chorus.—Then sing hi, ho, hurrah,
For the gallant young beginner,
When college is done, and life's work begun,
May he never want for a dinner!

2 With Syllabus he struggled hard,
But it knocked him out of time;
His average it sadly marred,
And spoiled his hopes sublime.
The secretary read him out,
As having just twelve, *one*,
And then his classmates raised a shout,
For he'd give the Soph's some fun.
Cho.—Then sing hi, ho, &c.

3 It was a bowl of massive strength,
Of many pieces made,
Each dove-tailed through its width and length,
The next one cross-grained laid;
With shout and howl the Sophomores strove
To put young Benny in.
In vain! the mighty bowl he clove,
And they heard above the din
Cho.—Then sing hi, ho, hurrah,
For the gallant bowl-fight winner, &c.

THE MERMAID.

Moderato.

1 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail,
2 Then outspake the cap - tain of our gallantship,
3 Then out spake the cook of our gallantship,
4 Then three times a-round went our gallantship,

And we were not far from the land,
And an out - spok - en man was he;
And a red - hot cook was he;
And three times a - round went she:

When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mermaid,
"I have mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town,
"I don't care a CENT for my kettles or my pans,
And three times a - round went our gall - ant ship,

With a comb and a glass in her hand.
And to - night she a wid - ow will be."
They may sink to the bottom of the sea."
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the top,
And the land-lubbers lie down be-low, be-low, below,
And the land-lubbers lie down be-low.

BULL-DOG.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the bull-dog on the bank!
2 Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him,

And the
And the

Oh, the bull-dog on the
Oh the bull-dog stooped to

bull-frog in the pool;
snapper caught his paw,

bank!
catch him,

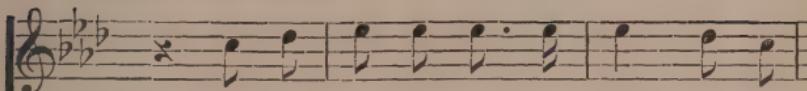
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attacca il chor.

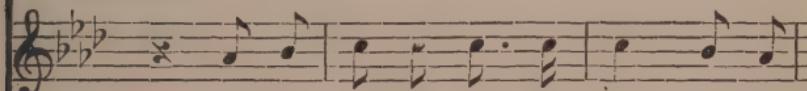
And the bull-frog in the pool.
And the snapper caught his paw,

Piu Allegro.

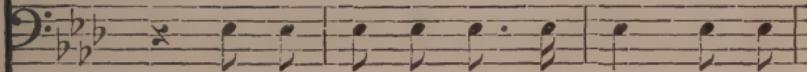
CHORUS. 1ST TENOR.



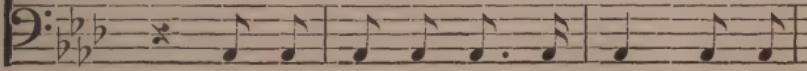
Oh, the bull-dog on the bank, And the
 Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the
 2D TENOR.



1ST BASS.



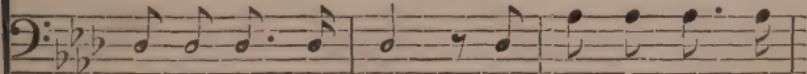
Oh, the bull-dog on the bank, And the
 Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the
 2D BASS.

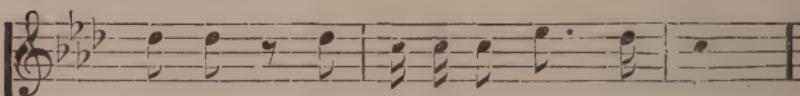


bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the
 snapper caught his paw, The pollywog died a



bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the
 snapper caught his paw, The pollywog died a





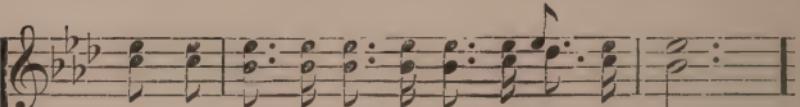
bull-frog A jolly old wa - ter fool.
laughing To see him wag his jaw.



bull-frog A jolly old wa - ter fool.
laughing To see him wag his jaw.



Singing tra la la la la la la la la,



Singing tra la la la la la la la



Singing tra la la la la, Singing tra la la la la,
 tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la la la la.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,

Oh, what'll you have to drink?

||: Says the monkey to the owl,

Oh, what'll you have to drink? ||:

“Since you are so very kind, Sir,

I'll take a bottle of ink.”—CHO. Singing tra la, &c.

4 Pharoah's daughter on the bank,

And young Moses in the pool,

||: Pharoah's daughter on the bank,

And young Moses in the pool, ||:

She fished him out with a telegraph pole,

And sent him off to school.—CHO. Singing tra la, &c.

5 Oh, the oyster blew his nose,

And the lobster scratched his head,

||: The oyster blew his nose,

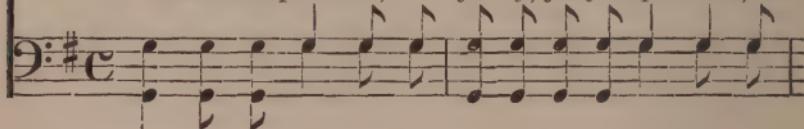
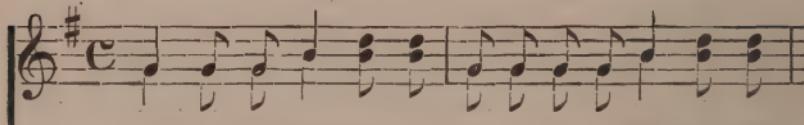
And the lobster scratched his head, ||:

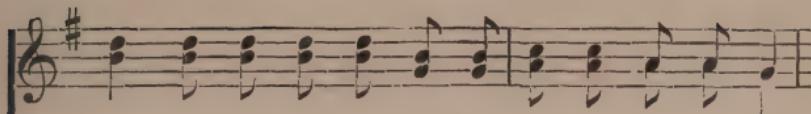
The turtle shouted from his hole,

Put me in my little bed.—CHO. Singing tra la, &c.

COLLEGE BOYS.

Words by G. I. JUNKIN, '77.





Dear to his sis - ter as the ap - ple of her eye.

He loves nothing bet - - ter than a spree.



Will his beard nev - er grow a - ny long - er? Will his

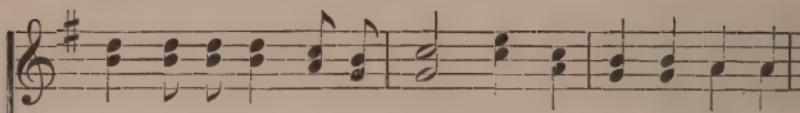
Will his cane nev - er grow a - ny light - er? Will he



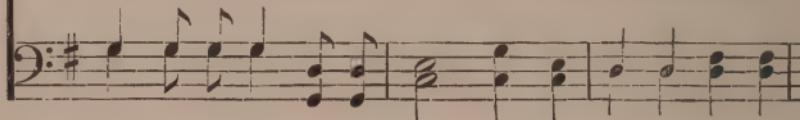
voice nev - er grow a - ny strong - er? Will he

al - ways con - tin - ue a fight - er? Will he

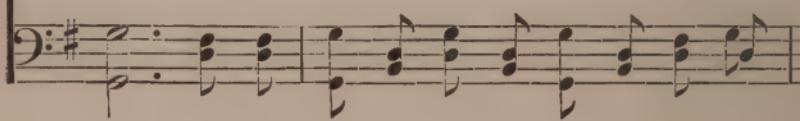




smoke cigarettes then for - ev - er Till Freshman year is
howl like a de-mon for - ev - er Till Sophomore year is



o'er? } Rolling, reel-ing, roll-ing, reel-ing, rolling
o'er? }



home; Rolling, reel-ing, rolling, reel-ing, roll-ing



home, And hap - py is the one that shall

meet us As we go roll - ing home.

3 I know a Junior, a lazy, lazy, Junior,
 The softest little Junior that ever stole a curl :
 He never keeps the rules; he's fond of boarding schools;
 He loves nothing better than a girl.

Will his eyes never grow any wilder ?
 Will his flames never grow any milder ?
 Will he burn like a match-stick forever,
 Till Junior year is o'er ?
 Rolling, etc.

4 I know a Senior, a "solemnoly" Senior,
 The dryest piece of humbug on the dusty shelf :
 He wears a silken hat and a dizzy red cravat,
 He loves nothing better than himself !

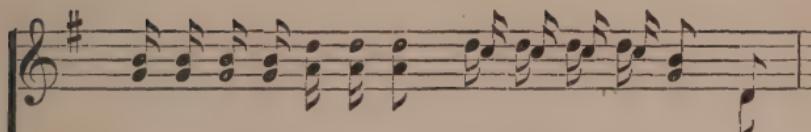
Will his brain never grow any weaker ?
 Will his pride never grow any meeker ?
 Will he worship himself, then, forever,
 Till Senior year is o'er ?
 Rolling, etc.

MARIA'S LAMBKIN.

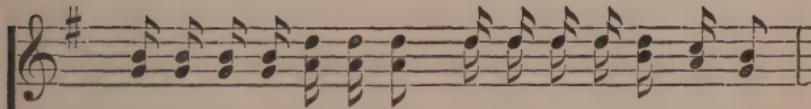
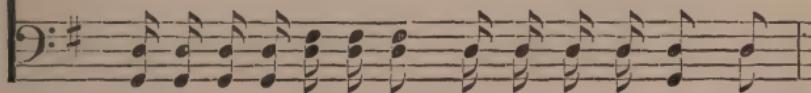
Allegro.

1 Ma - ri - a had a Lambkin of most prodigious size,
And when the butcher cut its throat She wept out both her eyes,
She wept out both her eyes, She wept out both her eyes.
She wept out both her eyes, She wept out both her eyes.
And a tip-top mutton chop, Foll de roll de riddle rop, A

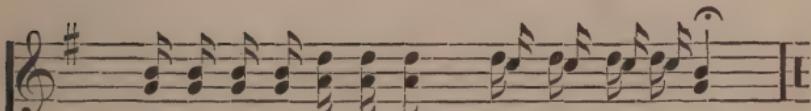
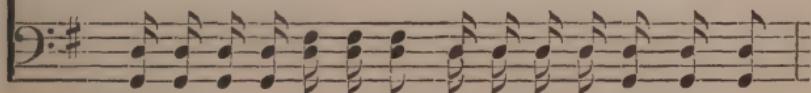
con espressione.



ve - ry gid-dy mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray, And



Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de rid-dle rop,



Mary ate the mutton chop, Fol de rol de ray.



2 It went with her to College,
 But as a tiny bunch,—
 A dainty sample of its worth,
 A portion of her lunch,
 :||: A portion of her lunch. :||: —CHO.

3 What makes the sheep love Mary, •
 As in its gore it drops,
 'Cause Mary's fond of mutton,
 And hankers after chops,
 :||: And hankers after chops. :||: —CHO.

BEN. FRANKLIN, ESQ.

Words by C. I. JUNKIN, '77.

Music by E. G. MCCOLLIN, '78.

1
2
3
4
5 } H'-rah!
H' - rah!
H' - rah!

Penn - syl - va - ni - ah! { In days of
A ready - y
This an - cient
And then it
And now we

old, as we are told, There lived a
blade, he oft - en made In - gen - ious
'squire did then as - pire A pub - lic
grew, as a - corns do, To be a
raise, our song of praise To good old

man nam'd Ben: A friend was he,
 lit - tle toys; He built a kite
 school to found, And with a dash
 might - y tree, And Ben - ja - min
 Fa - ther Ben; A friend was he

and so - o are we, To
 with great de - light And
 he raised the cash And
 since then has been Of
 and so - o are we To

Penn - syl - va - nia men.
 shocked the lit - tle boys!
 bought a lot of ground.
 great ce - leb - ri - tee.
 Penn - syl - va - nia's men.

CHORUS.

Ben la la, Frank - lin was la his
 His name was Ben, Ben, Ben,
 name la la, and la la, not la un-known la to
 B! E. N! Ben, Ben, Ben, Ben,
 fame, la The found la er first la was he la la,
 Ben, Ben, Ben, Ben,
 of the Un - i - ver - si - tee.
 Ben, Ben, Ben, Ben, B! E! N! Ben.

OLD NOAH.

1 Old Noah he did build an Ark,—

There's one wide river to cross:

He built it out of hickory bark,—

There's one wide river to cross.

Chorus.—There's one wide river,

And that wide river is Jordan;

There's one wide river,

And that wide river to cross.

2 The animals went in two by two,—

There's one wide river to cross:

The elephant and the kangaroo,—

There's one wide river to cross.

Cho.—There's one wide river, &c.

3 The animals went in three by three,—

There's one wide river to cross:

The Jersey tick and the bumble-bee,—

There's one wide river to cross.

Cho.—There's one wide river, &c.

4 The animals went in four by four,—

There's one wide river to cross:

The hip-po-po-tamus blocked the door,—

There's one wide river to cross.

Cho.—There's one wide river, &c.

5 And when he found he had no sail,—

There's one wide river to cross:

He just ran up his old coat-tail,—

There's one wide river to cross.

Cho.—There's one wide river, &c.

6 And while they were talking of this and that,—

There's one wide river to cross:

The Ark went bump on Ararat,—

There's one wide river to cross.

Cho.—There's one wide river, &c.

AN ANCIENT MARINER.

(*Air*:-“*Old Noah.*”)

- 1 When Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus tried
To cross the ocean blue,
He hunted far and he hunted wide
Till he found an old gum-shoe.

Cho.—Chris-to-pher Co-lum—Co-lum—Co-lum-bus,
Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus was his name.

- 2 And when the wind went into the west
And got in a terrible stew,
He just braced up, pulled down his vest,
And howled like a hullabaloo.

Cho.—Chris-to-pher Co-lum, &c.

- 3 And when the cook fell overboard,
It gave him a terrible shock ;
It took him a day and a half to drown
By my grandfather's clock.

Cho.—Chris-to-pher Co-lum, &c.

- 4 And when the mate clumb up the mast
To take a wider view,
He was snatched away by a terrible blast
That swamped the old canoe.

Cho.—Chris-to-pher Co-lum, &c.

- 5 And though the crew all stood aghast,
He landed on the shore ;
The natives made a swell repast,
And called aloud for more.

Cho.—Chris-to-pher Co-lum, &c.

CARMEN.

(*Air:—“Upidee.”*)

DEDICATED TO '77.

- 1 The *hora decima* was approaching slow,
Ut per campum a Fresh. did go,
Et post himself with trouble drag
Superbum beautiful big green bag.

Fortissimus!

- 2 But a Sophomore *in silentio* sat
Et quum ille sat the cheeky brat,
Who did *imprudenter* a bag try to bring,
Res to the Fresh. *non legitima* thing.

Verendus!

- 3 He immediately *tollit terribilimus* shout
And they soon *pæne* turned the Fresh. inside out,
Et Freshmore et Sophmen violenter contendit,
Et nihil sed chapel-bell ever will end it.

Horribilis!

- 4 'Novem, 'octo, 'septem et 'six!
'Tis easy *videre* they are all in a fix,
Quum repente appears *in medio romp*,
Our noble *Eques*, and his sable POMP.

Illustris!

- 5 The Faculty, *sedens in vos*, just inside the door,
A weight of grammes *multi mille* or more,
Illi say *trementibus* just for a show,
Ut “you'd best for a week to the country go.”

Suspendi!

PEANUTS.

AS SUNG AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

- 1 The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone.

Chorus.—When his peanuts are gone,
When his peanuts are gone,
He shan't have any of my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone.

- 2 The man who has plenty of ripe red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my ripe red strawberry short cake
When his ripe red strawberry short cake is gone.

Cho.—When his ripe red, &c.

- 3 The man who has plenty of Trego's Teaberry Tooth-wash,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Trego's Teaberry Tooth-wash
When his Trego's Teaberry Tooth-wash is gone.

Cho.—When his Trego's, &c.

- 4 The man who has plenty of H. H. H. Horse Medicine,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my H. H. H. Horse Medicine
When his H. H. H. Horse Medicine is gone.

Cho.—When his H. H. H., &c.

COLLEGE LIFE.

BY WM. W. NEWTON, '65.

(*Air:—“Upidee.”*)

- 1 We come in days of war and strife,
 Tra la la, &c.
To give a sketch of college life,
 Tra la la, &c.
To tell you in a little song
The way in which we get along!
 Upidee, &c.
- 2 In fact, we are a jolly tribe,
We're jolly, but we don't imbibe;
And Philos—Zelos—Glee Club men,
We still hold on to dear Old Penn!
 Upidee, &c.
- 3 We'll prove to you that black is white,
That green is red, that day is night;
For we learned with many a sigh,
How logic proves all X is Y.
 Upidee, &c.
- 4 But when Mechanics ruled the day,
With V's and V primes, 'twas no play;
But Mathew Matic's ghost we bless
That we've been through that wilderness!
 Upidee, &c.
- 5 The Seniors now can see the light,
The Juniors grope in thickest night,
While Metaphysics, still the same,
Is hunting up and down for game.
 Upidee, &c.
- 6 Ah! how the roots and powers of X,
The wondering Sophomores do perplex;
While Freshmen flunk and fizzle through,
And think how wondrous well they do.
 Upidee, &c.

THE COLLEGE HYMN.

BY WM. W. NEWTON, '65.

(*Air:—Russian Hymn.*)

- 1 Here friends with friends together stand,
Preparing for the work of life;
And side by side and hand to hand,
We gird us for the coming strife.
- 2 Soon in the conflict we shall be,
And 'midst its billows struggle on;
Riding upon life's angry sea,
Until the haven's rest be won.
- 3 And this is life—the calm—the storm—
The Zephyr and the Tempest's blast;
While Truth stands like an Angel's form,
To guide us safely home at last.
- 4 Soon as a class we meet no more,
We part as grain before the wind;
Oh, brothers, when this life is o'er,
A heavenly union may we find.
- 5 There we Creation's work shall know,
Its wonders shall be plain and even;
Rise when the Angel's trump shall blow,
From the high battlements of heaven.

EXAMINATION PIE.

BY WM. W. NEWTON, '65.

(*Air:—“John Brown’s Body.”*)

Expressive of the feelings of the Senior Class in having passed their late Examination.

1 Sing a song of sixpence,—a pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty Seniors baked in a pie,
Who through the crust of college life the daylight 'most can spy,—
As we go marching on.

*Chorus.—Heigh oh! Brothers, sing it merrily,
Heigh oh! Brothers, sing it cheerily,
Heigh oh! Brothers, sing it verily,
For we are marching on.*

2 The Faculty were in their rooms a feeling very funny;
The Major was down below, eating bread and honey;
The Freshmen, bless their little hearts, were getting eased of
money,—
And all were traveling on.

Cho.—Heigh oh! &c.

3 The Sophomores were feeling gay, and hanging out new clothes;
The Juniors they were groaning on beneath a weight of woes;
When down came the calculus and struck us, how! dear knows,—
But still we're marching on!

Cho.—Heigh oh! &c.

4 Now when the pie was opened the Seniors they did sing;
And made the dusty chapel walls with joyful voices ring;
And the wondering Freshman thought that it was a funny thing,—
And thus we're marching on!

Cho.—Heigh oh! &c.

5 And now that we are almost through, we mean to take our ease
Until the day on which we settle up the Major's fees;
When we end our college course and take our Bachelor's degrees—
And so be marching on.

Cho.—Heigh oh! &c.

THE WAY AT OLD PENN, SIR.

BY WM. W. NEWTON, '65.

(*Air:—“We won’t go home till morning.”*)

- 1 We’ve just come out to sing, Sir,
Our books aside to fling, Sir,
And make the building ring, Sir,
To drive dull care away.

Chorus.—“It’s the way we have at old Penn, Sir,” &c.

- 2 For where on earth’s the wrong, Sir,
To sing a college song, Sir,
Provided it is not too long, Sir,
To drive dull care away.

Cho.—It’s the way, &c.

- 3 For does not Horace say, Sir,
Black care is blown away, Sir,
By a trifling little lay, Sir?
So drive dull care away!

Cho.—It’s the way, &c.

- 4 We’re a band of college boys, Sir,
Who tell of college joys, Sir,
And make a jolly noise, Sir,
To drive dull care away!

Cho.—It’s the way, &c.

LAST CIGAR.

- 1 'Twas off the blue Canary Isles,
 A glorious summer day,
 I sat upon the quarter-deck,
 And whiffed my cares away;
 And as the volumed smoke arose,
 Like incense in the air,
 I breathed a sigh to think, alas!
 It was my last cigar.
Chorus.—It was my last cigar,
 It was my last cigar,
 I breathed a sigh to think, alas!
 It was my last cigar.
- 2 I leaned upon the quarter-rail,
 And looked down in the sea,
 E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
 Was curling gracefully.
 Oh, what had I at such a time
 To do with wasting care?
 Alas, the trembling tear proclaimed
 It was my last cigar.
Cho.—It was my last cigar, &c.
- 3 I watched the ashes as it came,
 Fast drawing toward the end;
 I watched it as a friend would watch
 Beside a dying friend;
 But still the flame crept slowly on,
 It vanished into air;
 I threw it from me, spare the tale!
 It was my last cigar.
Cho.—It was my last cigar, &c.
- 4 I've seen the land of all I love
 Fade in the distance dim;
 I've watched above the blighted heart
 Where once proud hope hath been;
 But I've never known a sorrow
 That could with that compare,
 When off the blue Canaries
 I smoked my last cigar.
Cho.—It was my last cigar, &c.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

1 Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum,
Fugit Euro citius,
Tempus edax rerum.

Ubi sunt, O pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula,
Rubentis puellæ.

2 Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter,
Sitiens canescit.
Ubi, etc.

3 Quid juvat æternitas
Nominis; amare
Nisi terræ filias
Licet, et potare!
Ubi, etc.

CREMATION SONG.

CLASS OF '81.

(*Air:—“Flee as a Bird.”*)

BY J. A. HENRY.

1 Dark is the night of our sorrow,
Sad is the voice of our woe;
Gloomy the thought of the morrow,—
Both of them lying so low.
Gone to the solemn forever,
Dead with the slow-dying year;
Over the dim waving river,
Give them the boon of a tear.

2 Syllabus dear, and sweet Plate!
Oh, how the tears swiftly flow!
No more can you be naughty,
Gone where the good books go.
Wide wave the lanterns above you,
Hot is the flame and bright,
Late have we learned how we love you,
Syllabus! Plate! good-night!

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